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DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUE.

THERE are men who appear and disappear in history without leaving trace or track behind, who do some one deed, which at the time raises a sensation, and then sink into utter obscurity. Most persons recollect the brilliant oratorical display of Single-Speech Hamilton, who made one oration and spoke no more. Perhaps this might be explained by the fact that Burke was his private secretary then, and left him directly afterwards. The history of the man whose name is given above, is involved generally in utter mystery. But one act of his has secured for his name a permanent place in history.

Francis the First of France, jealous of the discoveries of the Spaniards, sent out one Verazoni to conquer and discover for him. His journeys led to no result. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, however, in 1534, was more successful. He entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and paved the way for the attempt to colonise by Roberval in 1540. The new establishment was an utter failure; and a subsequent expedition under Cartier was never more heard of. At a later period, Admiral Coligny conceived that an asylum for French Protestants might be properly created in America, where they would be free from persecution. His plans for agricultural settlements were admirably laid down. Henry II. patronised the idea, and the wretched Charles IX. even countenanced it.

One Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta, appeared to have formed the strange scheme of feigning abjuration and professing the reformed faith, to overthrow this plan. He joined Coligny in his projected colony in 1555. He was a brave, adventurous schemer, and wore the mask of religion and humility with perfect success. He obtained command of the expedition, and, sailing for America, encamped near where Rio Janeiro now stands. Calvin, on hearing that the pilgrims had hit upon a desirable locality, encouraged the emigration. A large party went out under Philippe Dupont, a zealous Protestant gentleman, who, after some dangers by the way, brought his people successfully to an end of their journey.

Villegagnon received them with all the austerity of a Puritan. He was severe both in religious and political matters. He made all emigrants work at the fort; and his hypocrisy and bigotry were beyond all power of description in these more enlightened days. One great mistake of his colony, however, was, that it was wholly composed of men; except five young girls, none would venture out to the far-distant land.

But the intolerance and cruelty of the governor was the great drawback to success, and at last he showed himself in his true colours. He re-professed the Roman Catholic religion, persecuted

and drove away all the Protestants, who nearly perished by the way. Returning to France, he died a zealous Papist, a noted persecutor of the Huguenots, and with the name of the Cain of America.

Coligny, though thus frustrated, determined to try another part of America. He chose Florida this time. Jean de Ribaut sailed at the head of the new expedition in 1562. He landed and founded Fort Charles; then, leaving a lieutenant in command, he returned to France. The lieutenant proved a brutal tyrant, who, after committing several murders, was put to death after an insurrection. This expedition was also a failure. A third expedition promised to be more successful. It took out a good number of colonists, who settled, and after some early difficulties, appeared to be in a prosperous way.

But Spain would not quietly allow a French colony in America, and accordingly a squadron was sent to exterminate the infant settlement, under one Menendez. His force was overwhelming. He attacked the fort, captured it and nearly all the inhabitants, whom, with characteristic Spanish brutality, he hung on the adjacent trees, with this inscription over their heads:—

“THESE WRETCHES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED, NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS HERETICS.”

The horrible cruelties of the Spaniards are not to be related in full. The horror of France was great, but the wicked king rejoiced, because the victims were Protestants. This feeling made the court pass over the fearful outrage without notice. But there were in the land men who lived in the hope of vengeance. One of these was Dominique de Gourgue, a gentleman of good family, of Mont Marson, in Gascony. He was a naval captain, and being engaged against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and chained as a slave to a galley. This galley was taken by the Turks, and released only in a battle with the Knights of Malta. He was considered one of the best navigators of the day.

When he found that the king and court would not take notice of the Spanish crime, his rage knew no bounds. He then sold his estate, fitted out three ships, collected hardy crews, and sailed for America. He took the Spaniards by surprise, attacked the fort, captured it, and hung the prisoners on the same trees where, but a little while before, his countrymen had perished. Then he wrote over them:—

“HUNG, NOT AS SPANIARDS, BUT AS ASSASSINS.”

The terrible avenger then returned to France, to perish, some say, in that horrible day of St. Bartholomew, which has handed the name of Charles IX. and his mother to eternal execration.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY T. LANDSEER.

CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

Of course, respected reader, you keep a dog. We don't, for we can't afford the tax; and in our chambers, besides, a dog would waste away its ignoble life far from fresh air and green fields and the vermin which are its natural prey. You tell us a dog is useful for self-defence; that he watches over your property and your person; that he warns off the ill-conditioned and evil-designing; that he worries a beggar as he does a rat. But what is that to us? Leggars don't persecute authors; our property is in no danger. Our few treasures are all made fast by one of Hobbs's patent locks, and our peregrinations seldom extend beyond the confines of the metropolitan police district. Campbell tells us of the “nursling of the storm,” as he walks restlessly along his shattered bark, that

“Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home—his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thoughts; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;

Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,
And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace—
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear;
While, long-neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam),
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.”

Well, as we don't keep a dog, of course we can't realise such touching poetry. If we voyage on a bark, it is a Citizen steamer, as far as Putney or Kew, and a laundress welcomes us home. In the crowded streets, if we cannot take care of ourselves, there is always a guardian angel in the shape of an efficient policeman dressed in blue, with a glazed hat and a small staff; and if in less-peopled districts we lose our path, instead of having a dog to trail it for us, there is almost always a direction-post. Thus, as regards ourselves personally, we have made out a good and sufficient reason why we do not keep a dog. But you, O reader! are in a different category; you are not a poor author, fighting the rough battle of life

“Alone—alone—alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;”

but a substantial, well-to-do man of the world, with property to be